

Notre Dame Scholastic.

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Notre Dame and St. Mary's.

Our friends who have been at Notre Dame and St. Mary's need not read this article. They have been at Notre Dame, they have visited St. Mary's, and they know all that we are going to say in the following paragraphs.

To those, then, who have not been here, and who know nothing about the two most flourishing and best known institutions of the west, we address these

REMARKS.

Notre Dame is an incorporated University, a charter having been granted by the legislature of Indiana. The grounds around it, originally numbering six hundred acres, were secured by Father Stephen Baden, the *proto-priest* of America, about forty years ago, and were offered by the Bishop of Vincennes to Father Sorin, in 1849, with the proviso that he should erect and maintain on it a Catholic institution of learning. Father Sorin accepted the conditions, though at that time, I presume, he did not see his way clear, except in this, that he placed his trust in divine Providence, and I doubt not, he said to himself "if God wishes an educational establishment in this quarter of the globe, and if he wishes me to establish it, nothing shall be wanting on my part to militate against the project." He acted on the principle of trusting in Providence and "keeping his powder dry."

In 1845, the College was in good running order. With little means and great expense he had erected not only the buildings required by contract, but, with his prophetic eye seeing even at that early period the advantages of the place and the increase of this great North Western country, he put up a large building, so large that he was taxed with being imprudent. In a short time it was too small to accommodate the fast increasing number that flocked to his door for a Christian education. Wings were added to the College, and friends of ten and fifteen years standing remember the old College. We remember it well, with its old refectory, holding both Seniors and Juniors, and the Minim Department, stuck behind the Juniors' with a break-neck staircase at the rear of the College for the Merry Minims to navigate down around when going to meals and recreation. There wasn't a single accident. *Tant mieux pour eux.*

But in the meantime Father Soria had congregated around him a number of young men, Americans, Irishmen and Germans, some as priests helped him

as priests, others as lay brothers enabled him to open the immense field of parochial schools in which a devoted lay brother can do good, less only than that done by an ordained priest of God, who has power of administering the Sacraments of the Church. These schools increased in number and importance—the only limit to them was the supply of brothers, and had the Congregation of Holy Cross members to conduct treble or quadruple the number of schools they now have, they could have them. Simultaneously the College of Notre Dame was increasing in importance, and St. Mary's, removed from Bertrand to its present site, began to give evidence of the thorough training it was its destiny to give to the young ladies of the West. The new College was built, and the first instalment of the large building, more than 600 feet in length, was commenced at St. Mary's. Both buildings were completed. The grounds around them were perpetually and perseveringly improved.

It was decided that the best table should be set for students and pupils, and that the opprobrium which the tradition of ages has cast upon "College commons" and boarding school meals should be cast off, or rather, should never be attached to the dining rooms of Notre Dame and St. Mary's. Judicious management of the commissariat has enabled both institutions to set a table abundantly supplied with wholesome appetizing food, without, however, making it a matter of such importance as to induce students to think that the main end of man upon earth is to get a good dinner, and that the greatest accomplishment of a young man is to be an epicure, and the bounden duty of young ladies is to eschew solid dishes of roast beef and potatoes and maintain their existence in this mundane sphere by a strict diet of sweet cakes and honey.

If so much attention is paid to the material well-being of the students, it may easily be inferred that great care has been taken to give every possible advantage to the students in the study-hall and class-room. When the new College building was erected, a skillful architect was employed to give the proper height to the room, and to have them all well ventilated. The study-halls of the Seniors and Juniors, are each, 80 feet long by 50 wide, and in those two halls during the time of study you could hear that traditional pin drop, if any student would be so forgetful as to let it drop.

Wide broad passages and staircases covered with what I believe is called rope carpet, lead from the study-halls to the class-rooms. Each class at the appointed hour is called out from the study-room by the professor, who goes in person to the study-hall door, and, in a clear audible voice, names the class that he requires for recitation. The class-rooms, on the second story above the basement, are large, and handsomely fitted up. The students go in double file and in perfect order and silence to and from the class-rooms, the professor accompanying them. Notes are given for recitation, and those are announced to all the students once a week by the director of studies who is Vice-President of the College. This is the *modus operandi* at the College. The same is practised at St. Mary's.

It has always been the chief care of the officers

of the Institution to have able men in the College. I would only have to mention the names of the Professors, who, either as members of the Society of Holy Cross, or as graduates, and subsequently for years professors in the College, are perfectly posted in the system of teaching and discipline of Notre Dame, to convince our friends that this year as in previous years a truly conscientious attention will be paid to the progress of the students in the various branches of a collegiate course of studies.

For the discipline of the two institutions, little need be said, every body who knows Notre Dame and St. Mary's knows all about that,—that it is not severe, but just so strict as to make honest an honorable men of young lads and young men, some of whom may at first be inclined to be unruly, and to return accomplished young ladies to the homes of those parents who entrust their children to the admirable rule of the Sisters of Holy Cross.

We have been delayed in getting out our first number, by the non-arrival of the new type we had ordered for the SCHOLASTIC. The powers that be, have determined to retain the old form of the SCHOLASTIC.

As soon as we get in proper trim,—our contributors all marshalled, our local "on the spot," our class items coming in "up to time," the baseballers playing games worth recording, and our societies literary and religious in good working order,—we intend to publish the SCHOLASTIC every week, and as the main object of the paper is to interest the parents of our students and their friends and their relations to the fourth and fifth generations, the SCHOLASTIC will contain a faithful record of the events that transpire in the College, and,—we speak with fear and trembling,—we hope to have full accounts of the classes and scientific and musical entertainments of the Academy.

But we by no means intend to limit ourselves to the role of annalist,—we will make our own remarks as we feel inclined, we will publish for the edification of the world at large the contributions whether in prose or rhyme of the correspondents who have already made the SCHOLASTIC a paper to be looked for when the mail arrives, and to give disappointment when it doesn't—and we have already secured many and intend to secure more, whose contributions will render the pages of the SCHOLASTIC no less interesting than they were in years gone by.

So much for what we have done and are going to do—good old Time will present each number to our subscribers, and with a smile on his good-natured countenance he will say: "Here we are, dear friends, up to time, and just what we promised to be."

Visit of the Rt. Rev. Bp. of Ft. Wayne.

We had the honor of a visit from Rt. Rev. Dr. Luers, Bishop of Fort Wayne, on Tuesday and Wednesday last. The Rt. Rev. Bishop is in excellent health, which may he long enjoy; his genial appearance and kindness endear him to the students, who always welcome his arrival at Notre Dame.

Classes and Professors.

The examination of the students took place on the 6th and 7th inst., under the direction of a special board appointed for that purpose. The classes were regularly taught Thursday, 8th inst., and the usual college duties resumed.

The various courses have received their respective quota of students, but, as we had anticipated, the Commercial Course is the most largely attended. Nearly seventy students have, at the very start, entered this course, and more are expected to join it.

The Classical Course promises well. The beginning class numbers nearly twenty members. Some other classes, in the same course, are likewise fully attended.

The Scientific Course enlists, every year, nearly the same number of students, and acquires more thoroughness and popularity as it grows older. (It was established in 1863).

The Department of Law, which deservedly claims the first place at Notre Dame, has double the number of students it had last year. Professor Foote has established its reputation, and rendered its complete success only a question of time. The Faculty of Law is composed as follows:

Rev. W. Corby, S. S. C., President.

Prof. P. Foote, A. M., Principal of the Department and University Professor of Law.

Hon. J. J. McKinnon, of Chicago, Equity and Chancery Practice.

T. A. Moran, L.L. B., of Chicago.

Hon. Judge Stanfield, of South Bend.

Prof. L. G. Tong, M. A., Professor of Commercial Law.

Rev. M. B. Brown, S. S. C., Professor of Ethics.

The class of Anatomy and Materia Medica, under the direction of Rev. L. Neyron, shows a larger attendance than in any previous year.

Music.—Upwards of 100 students study instrumental music. This department is organized for a very thorough course and possesses ample means to that effect. 14 rooms are exclusively used for teaching instrumental music. Bro. Basil, S. S. C. is the Director of the Department, in which he is assisted by 5 other teachers.

Vocal music receives a more special attention each successive year. It is under the direction of Prof. M. T. Corby, and enjoys all the advantages which may insure success. An Oratorio is to be rendered this year by the Vocal Class.

The Conservatory of music established a year since, is the highest class of music at Notre Dame, and comprehends a course of two years, at the end of which, certificates are delivered similar to those of other graduating classes. 6 students were admitted in it at the June examination.

Drawing and Painting have received a new impetus this year. The studio of our young artists has been made a temple of art. A large number of students very profitably spend one hour in it each day under the able direction of Prof. C. B. Von Weller and Bro. Albert, S. S. C. Architecture, Machine Drawing, Landscapes and Academic Drawing as well as Painting are taught from the best European models, and from Nature.

The Orchestra is placed this year under the direction of Bro. Basil. The improvements suggested in the reports of the last exhibition will be introduced during the year. The Orchestra is composed of some 15 members.

The Choir which has enjoyed a well-earned reputation during the last four years will not be second to any other musical organization at Notre Dame. It had never better trained voices than at present. We will often interest our readers with reports of its progress. Prof. C. A. B. Von Weller has been appointed leader.

The Brass Band has been heard more than once already. If we judge by its glorious past we can

but anticipate a brilliant year for it. Mr. E. Lilly needs only be seconded by its members, old and new, and the college may boast of the largest and best band in Indiana.

Our Societies and Clubs are all reconstructed and in good working order. The list of officers will be found in their respective reports.

The classes in the various Courses, Collegiate and Preparatory, are taught as follows:

Dogmatic Theology—Rev. M. B. Brown, S. S. C.

Moral Theology—Rev. A. Granger, S. S. C.

Moral Philosophy—Rev. M. B. Brown, S. S. C.

First Greek—Mr. Jno. O'Connell, S. S. C.

Second Greek—Mr. Jacob Lauth, S. S. C.

Third Greek—Mr. Jacob Lauth, S. S. C.

Fourth Greek—Prof. M. A. Baasen, A. M.

Fifth Greek—Mr. Jas. O'Reilly, A. B.

First Latin—Prof. J. A. Lyons, A. M.

Second Latin—Prof. J. A. Lyons, A. M.

Third Latin—Prof. T. E. Howard, A. M.

Fourth Latin—Mr. J. O'Connell, S. S. C.

Fifth Latin—Mr. Jacob Lauth, S. S. C.

Sixth Latin—Prof. W. Ivers, A. M.

Seventh Latin—Mr. John Lauth, S. S. C.

Eighth Latin—Mr. A. W. Arrington, A. B.

English Literature—Prof. T. E. Howard, A. M.

Modern History—Prof. T. E. Howard, A. M.

Common Law—Prof. P. Foote, A. M.

Anatomy and Surgery—Rev. L. Neyron.

Chemistry and Physics—Rev. T. Vagnier, S. S. C.

Zoology, Botany, Mineralogy, Geology and Physiology—Rev. C. Carrier, S. S. C.

Astronomy—Prof. T. E. Howard, A. M.

Analytical Geometry—Rev. P. Vagnier, S. S. C.

Trigonometry—Rev. T. Vagnier, S. S. C.

Calculus, Surveying and First Geometry—Prof. W. Ivers.

Second Geometry—Mr. D. Clarke, B. S.

First Algebra—Prof. W. Ivers.

Second Algebra—Prof. T. E. Howard.

Third Algebra—Mr. D. Clarke, B. S.

Second Rhetoric—Prof. P. Foote, A. M.

First Grammar, Sr.—Prof. J. A. Lyons, A. M.

Second Grammar, Sr.—Bro. Ephrem, S. S. C.

Third Grammar, Sr.—Mr. A. W. Arrington.

First Arithmetic (Senior Department)—Prof. W. Ivers.

Second Arithmetic, (Senior Department)—Bro. Camillus.

Third Arithmetic, (Senior Department)—Mr. A. Arrington.

Fourth Arithmetic, (Senior Department)—Bro. Emmanuel, S. S. C.

First, Second, and Third Book-Keeping classes—Prof. L. G. Tong.

Fourth Book-Keeping class, (Junior Department)—Bro. Camillus, S. S. C.

Commercial Law—Prof. L. G. Tong.

Geography and U. S. History—Mr. D. Clarke.

First and Second Penmanship, (Sr. Dep't.) and First Penmanship, (Jr. Dep't.)—Prof. M. T. Corby, A. M.

First Reading, (Sr. Dep't.)—Mr. D. Clarke.

Orthography, (Sr. Dep't.)—Mr. Jas. O'Reilly.

Christian Doctrine, (Jr. Dep't.)—Bro. Benjamin, S. S. C.

First Grammar, (Jr. Dep't.)—Bro. Ephrem, S. S. C.

Second Grammar, (Jr. Dep't.)—Bro. Benjamin.

Third Grammar, (Jr. Dep't.)—Bro. Camillus.

Fourth Grammar, (Jr. Dep't.)—Bro. Albert.

Geography and U. S. History, (Jr. Dep't.)—Bro. Benjamin, S. S. C.

First Reading, (Jr. Dep't.)—Prof. J. A. Lyons.

Second Reading, (Jr. Dep't.)—Bro. Benjamin.

Third Reading, (Jr. Dep't.)—Bro. Albert.

First Orthography, (Jr. Dep't.)—Bro. Benjamin.

Second Orthography, (Jr. Dep't.)—Bro. Emanuel.

Third Orthography, (Jr. Dep't.)—Bro. Albert.

LANGUAGES.

French.—First, Second, and Third classes—Rev. F. Chemin.

German.—First Class, (Sr. Dep't.)—Mr. John Lauth.

Second Class, (Sr. Dep't.)—Rev. P. Lauth.

Third Class, (Sr. Dep't.)—Mr. Jacob Lauth.

First Class, (Jr. Dep't.)—Rev. P. Lauth.

Second, Third, and Fourth Classes, (Jr. Dep't.)—Prof. M. A. Baasen.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

Director—Bro. Basil.

Teachers—Rev. M. Muhlbarger, Bro. Leopold, Mr. E. Lilly, Prof. M. T. Corby, and Prof. C. Von Weller.

VOCAL MUSIC.

Director—Prof. M. T. Corby.

DRAWING AND PAINTING.

Professor—Prof. C. B. Von Weller.

Assistant—Bro. Albert.

Arrivals.

George J. Gross,	Philadelphia, Pa.
George Lyons,	New York City, N. Y.
Ernest Lyons,	" " "
Edward DeGroot,	Notre Dame, Ind.
Richard Doherty,	Philadelphia, Pa.
Wm. L. Chester,	Buffalo, N. Y.
Charles O. Chester,	" "
John Dunne,	St. Louis, Mo.
John E. Garrity,	Chicopee Falls, Mass.
Sands W. Hopkins,	Kansas City, Mo.
Louis J. Marshall,	Louisville, Ky.
Eugene Marshall,	" "
St. Mark Malancon,	Labadieville, La.
Casper B. Kuhn,	Nashville, Tenn.
F. A. Huck,	Chicago, Ill.
James F. Murphy,	New York City, N. Y.
Frank Butters,	Chicago, Ill.
Thos. Dillon,	Joliet, Ill.
Hermann Kreuger,	Chicago, Ill.
Walter B. Cunningham,	" "
Patrick O'Brien,	" "
Patrick Quill,	" "
Denis Tighe,	Toledo, Ohio.
Albert J. Dickerhoff,	Logansport, Ind.
Timothy T. Hurly,	Marquette, Mich.
Oliver Tong,	South Bend, Ind.
Edgar Watts,	Canyon City, Oregon.
John Hubert,	Dubuque, Iowa.
Frank McDonald,	St. Louis, Mo.
Thos. J. Murphy,	Ravenna, Ohio.
Joseph Zimmer,	Columbus, Ohio.
Wm. J. Clark,	" "
Schuyler Miller,	South Bend, Ind.
John Wuest,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
Frank Joseph,	Noblesville, Ind.
Robert M. Broadhurst,	Portage Prairie, Ind.
James E. Hogan,	Joliet, Ill.
Maurice Moriarty,	Ottumwa, Iowa.
Cassius Tarble,	Pittsburg, Pa.
James McGlynn,	Toledo, Ohio.
C. C. Smith,	Laurence, Kansas.
N. P. Wooster,	Elyria, Ohio.
Richard M. Dooley,	Waukegan, Ill.
Chas. F. T. Elison,	Chicago, Ill.
Edward Sheehan,	Louisville, Ky.
Melvin L. Baker,	Adrian, Mich.
Harry Brower,	Ottawa, Ill.
John J. Mulquian,	Newark, N. J.
John Dunne,	Janesville, Wis.
James McMurphy,	Erie, Pa.
George W. Reilly,	Galena, Ill.
P. P. Reilly,	Monroe, Mich.
Robert Lange,	Muskegon, Mich.
Henry L. Bourdon,	" "
Bernard Vogt,	Louisville, Ky.
Henry Waltering,	" "
Veni Armstrong,	" "
John Repetto,	" "
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Jas. McDermott,	Chicago, Ill.	N. Mitchell,	Davenport, Iowa.		
Jno. Hanley,	Milwaukee, Wis.	J. Flower,	Chicago, Ill.		

Arrival of Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of Holy Cross.

Yesterday (Friday, Sept. 23), about 5 P. M., the loud booming of the big bell and hilarious ringing of all the smaller ones "away up in the church steeple," announced the welcome arrival of Very Rev. Father Sorin, whose very presence always infuses additional life in everything in and about Notre Dame, and whose arrival now within our peaceful walls, from the scenes of discension, war and troubled minds, is a cause of the greatest joy to his many friends, especially to the members of his Order.

Father Sorin left Paris the 10th inst., and after a tempestuous passage reached New York on the 21st, whence he came directly on to Notre Dame, on the fast train of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad.

The students of the college who have always been the object of Father Sorin's predilection and especial attention were the first to profit by his happy arrival; the afternoon study from 4:30 to 6:30, was voted a work of supererogation, not to be thought of on such an auspicious day.

Father Sorin remains for the present at Notre Dame.

ALL the old members of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society, except four, answered the roll call on September 11th, in their meeting room. At the following meeting 33 old members were present.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

St. Mary's Academy, Ind., }
September 15, 1870. }

St. Mary's again presents a scene of cheerful activity. On the 6th inst. classes commenced, and the regular routine was resumed; and, though the continual arrival of pupils caused much pleasant excitement among the more punctual students who were already settled in their classes, the regular order of duties was not disturbed.

It is truly touching and interesting to witness the reception of the new pupils, and the joyous return of the old. The first, tearful and timid, seem to feel for a little while like exiles; the second, gleeful and confident, return as to a second home; the "new-comers" noting with anxious curiosity the routine of the house, wondering, perchance, if they shall be able to keep *all those rules*; the old pupils, with kind-hearted merriment, trying to cheer the strangers, and playfully helping them through all their imaginary difficulties.

There is, indeed, in a well-ordered boarding-school, a fine opportunity for developing the noble, generous traits so natural to youth, and acquiring these expansive views and that gentle forbearance and mutual sympathy which render social intercourse charitable and delightful.

The interior of the Academy having been renovated and adorned with fresco work, presents a neat, cheerful aspect. The erection of new buildings gives evidence of the increasing demand for more room, while the attractive beauty of the grounds makes a pleasing impression on all who visit the Institution, and affords the pupils a source of innocent, elevating enjoyment.

On the 8th inst., Very Rev. Father Provincial celebrated the Mass of the Holy Ghost, to invoke on teachers and pupils the blessing of heaven—that the present session may be full of benedictions and happiest results. Rev. Father Muldoon, of Troy, N. Y., preached an eloquent, highly instructive, and appropriate sermon on the occasion. He was listened to with deep attention, and truly, if those young ladies who heard his remarks act upon the holy and filial motives suggested by the reverend gentleman, they will not fail to give satisfaction to all who love them.

On the evening of the 8th, Hon. Schuyler Colfax, and lady honored St. Mary's by a visit to the Institution. Among the invited guests on the occasion, were Very Rev. Father Provincial, of Notre Dame; General Miller and lady, of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Mathews and daughters, of Washington, and Mr. Koehler, of South Bend. The young ladies of the Academy received the honorable guests with music and song. Addresses were read from the Senior and Junior Departments by Misses H. Niel and N. Gross. To these complimentary demonstrations the Hon. Vice-President responded in his own felicitous manner. His remarks were not only interesting, but most instructive to those engaged in the holy cause of education. All present felt it to be a special privilege to listen to one whose talents and high worth command general admiration. The Vice-President and friends remained to tea, and really seemed to enjoy the simple hospitalities of St. Mary's.

Want of time compels us to pass over many interesting incidents of the past week; but we promise to note all the pleasing and most important events of the present scholastic year, feeling confident that what ever relates to St. Mary's Academy must prove interesting to those who have entrusted their dear children and wards to the care of that Institution.

Yours,
STILUS.

LIST OF PUPILS AT ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, SEPTEMBER 15.

Miss H. Niel, St. Louis, Missouri.

Miss L. Niel, St. Louis, Missouri.
" Z. Selby, Memphis, Tenn.
" N. Gross, Philadelphia, Penn.
" J. Falvey, Wisano, Indiana.
" A. Mast, Springfield, Illinois.
" M. Roberts, Columbus, Ohio.
" M. Clark, Baltimore, Md.
" N. Moriarty, Seneca, Kan.
" M. Ford, Memphis, Tenn.
" B. Nelson, Red River Landing, La.
" M. Hildreth, Chicago, Illinois.
" A. Carmody, New Orleans, La.
" M. Reynolds, Chicago, Illinois.
" A. Wood, Jefferson, Texas.
" N. Callahan, Battle Creek, Mich.
" A. Hunt, Newburg, Mich.
" J. Hunt, Newburg, Mich.
" E. Hunt, Newburg, Mich.
" M. Niesley, Elkhart, Indiana.
" M. Gaul, Logansport, Indiana.
" Mary Gaul, Logansport, Indiana.
" A. Sturgis, Sturgis, Mich.
" M. Prince, St. Paul, Minn.
" F. Prince, St. Paul, Minn.
" A. Byrnes, St. Louis, Mo.
" B. Cable, Kalamazoo, Mich.
" L. Ogden, Kansas City, Mo.
" K. Brown, Dubuque, Iowa.
" R. Saeod, Joliet, Illinois.
" M. Ward, Chicago, Illinois.
" K. Parks, Joliet, Illinois.
" B. Randall, Joliet, Illinois.
" M. Kearney, Kansas City, Mo.
" J. Kearney, Kansas City, Mo.
" M. Cummings, Chicago, Illinois.
" E. Hogan, Chicago, Illinois.
" L. Duffield, Wheeling, Va.
" F. Ruoh, Lakeville, Indiana.
" M. Nash, Rockford, Illinois.
" S. Hoover, Lafayette, Indiana.
" M. Hoover, Lafayette, Indiana.
" L. Jones, Cleveland, Ohio.
" M. Cochrane, Chicago, Illinois.
" H. Harrison, New York, N. Y.
" E. E. Burney, Toledo, Ohio.
" G. Hurst, Springfield, Illinois.
" K. Powell, Chicago, Illinois.
" E. Butters, Chicago, Illinois.
" A. Locke, St. Louis, Mo.
" M. McIntyre, Lake Forest, Illinois.
" E. Ray, Fort Wayne, Ind.
" L. Dooley, Waukegan, Illinois.
" D. Green, Memphis, Tenn.
" E. Greenleaf, Ottawa, Illinois.
" R. Fox, Laporte, Indian.
" R. Devoto, Cairo, Illinois.
" M. Dillon, St. Mary's, Ind.
" Z. Ozburn, Pinkneyville, Ind.
" L. Ritchie, Pinkneyville, Ind.
" J. Tucker, Lima, Ohio.
" S. Klassan, Chicago, Illinois.
" A. De Haven, Chicago, Illinois.
" J. Morse, St. Joseph, Mich.
" M. Lange, Muskegan, Mich.
" A. Floyd, " "
" F. Floyd, " "
" K. Floyd, " "
" F. Murphy, Pinkneyville, Illinois.
" G. Darling, Paw Paw, Michigan.
" A. Casey, Paw Paw, Michigan.
" E. Hendricks, Galesburg, Illinois.
" M. Sherland, South Bend, Indian.
" I. Wilder, Chicago, Illinois.
" M. Letourneau, " "
" E. Wood, " "
" K. Young, " "
" L. Marshall, " "
" L. McFarlane, " "
" M. Kerwan, Ottawa, Illinois.
" K. Sixby, Scott, Michigan.
" A. Frost, Eaton Rapids, Mich.

Miss S. Spillard, Elgin, Illinois.
" A. Borup, St. Paul, Minn.
" E. Royland, Waukegan, Illinois.
" M. Kellogg, Waukegan, Illinois.
" A. Emmand, Iowa City, Iowa.
" M. Quan, Chicago, Illinois.
" A. V. Cornish, Sidney, Illinois.
" K. Hallond, St. Paul, Minn.
" A. Mulhall, St. Louis, Missouri.
" V. Cotterell, Daleville, Illinois.
" E. Finley, Iana, Illinois.
" M. Finley, Iana, Illinois.
" H. Tinsley, Chicago, Illinois.
" L. Tiasley, Chicago, Illinois.
" A. E. Clark, Buchanan, Mich.
" M. Millard, Buchanan, Mich.
" J. Mills, Lafayette, Indiana.
" C. Wood, Niles, Michigan.
" M. Lassan, Chicago, Illinois.
" M. Getty, Chicago, Illinois.
" L. Hoyt, St. Joseph, Mich.
" A. Garrity, Chicago, Illinois.
" Anna Garrity, " "
" M. Garrity, " "
" K. Wier, Monroe, Mich.
" M. Wier, Monroe, Mich.
" M. R. Spier, Peoria, Illinois.
" A. Rose, Chicago, Illinois.
" K. Zell, Peoria, Illinois.
" M. Tuberty, Lafayette, Indiana.
" M. Kreutzer, Peru, Indiana.
" A. Radin, Chicago, Illinois.
" E. Shea, Wabash, Indiana.
" F. Sammons, Paw Paw, Mich.
" M. Wicker, Chicago, Illinois.
" B. O'Neil, Peoria, Illinois.
" E. Price, Kent Station, Indiana.
" N. Price, " "
" M. Price, " "
" L. McKinnon, Chicago, Illinois.
" M. Bucklin, Elkhart, Indiana.
" A. Frazer, Peoria, Illinois.
" J. Hoynes, Peoria, Illinois.
" L. McKinnon, Chicago, Illinois.
" K. Boyd, Omaha, Neb.
" A. Robson, Wataza, Illinois.
" S. O'Brien, Burlington, Iowa.
" K. Robinson, Chicago, Illinois.
" R. Leoni, San Jose, Illinois.
" J. Leoni, San Jose, Illinois.
" C. Foote, Burlington, Iowa.

OBITUARY.—Died, September 20th, 1870, at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Indiana, in the 19th year of her age, Miss ZELLA SELBY, only daughter of Judge Selby, of Memphis, Tennessee.

During her long illness, her affection for those who ministered to her proved the gratitude of her heart, and her sentiments of humble resignation to the will of God and an earnest appeal for the prayers of her friend, gave evidence of solid faith and true Christian hope.

May she rest in peace. Amen.

Jottings.

We have heard nothing about the boats upon the upper lake.

The number of students in the college is rapidly increasing.

The weather continues balmy and pleasant.

The middle-sized telescope is performing terrestrial service, and continually points down the avenue.

The new bridge across the St. Joseph river is, we understand, already commenced. It will be, we hope, a grand improvement upon the present one.

The National House, South Bend, has received a great many travelers en route for Notre Dame and St. Mary's. The landlord knows how to keep hotel.

To Our Friends:

ESPECIALLY TO THE OLD STUDENTS AND GRADUATES.

We send this number of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC to many of our friends who have not made known to us a wish to subscribe. We send it as a reminder, for we well know that a vast majority of them are so deeply engrossed in the affairs of the busy, pushing world that, though they may at times think of college days and of the hours they spent at Notre Dame, they either do not know the strides we have taken from no paper to *The Progress*, of happy memory; from *The Progress* to the *Scholastic Year*, and from the *Scholastic Year* to the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, or, knowing all this, they let one day slip by after another, always intending to write, but always deferring it to a later period. The former will learn from this number that we have a paper which will vividly bring back the scenes of former days, and post them in the actualities of the college; the latter may take advantage of the reception of this number to realize their good intentions, and procrastinate no longer; for procrastination is the thief of time, and time is money; so it would be better to send on the subscription at once than let procrastination rob them of their money.

We send it to the old students of many years ago; men who are now grave and reverend seignors, staid and sober, *pater familias*; others genial old bachelors in the gay world, and others, still, who in some monastery, or in a parish, are fulfilling the duties of their high calling. Alas! there are some to whom we cannot send it:—war and disease have thinned the ranks, and many now lie silent in the grave. Others may still be in the land of the living, but in this land of constant movement how could trace be kept of old comrades without correspondence?—and of all the college correspondents one has at the end of one's course, how many are faithful after the second year?

We send it to the old Rhetoric Class, nearly all of whom are hard working priests—some in the East, some in the West, and other some in the South. Daniel and William, and John and some twenty-five others. Poor Boisramé, we fear, cannot get the paper! What with the needle-guns of the Prussians, the *chassepots* of the French, and the *mitrailleuses* firing away on both sides, he must be in a place not at all conducive to an enjoyable perusal of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

To the old editors of *The Progress* we also send the SCHOLASTIC; and we expect them "To rally round the flag, boys!" Arthur, having for years advanced the cause of civilization by his labors in the class-room, is now on the plains intently engaged in the same laudable purpose, and has already "rallied" and sent us his first contribution. James and Orville, and Edward B. and—but we have not space to mention all in the legal line—must snatch a few brief moments from their legal and domestic cares, to aid us: James B., though busily engaged on that big daily, will, no doubt, take an interest in the successor of the old *Progress*; Michael and Frank must take some moments from the duties of the mission and the study of theology, while Thomas B. and Thomas N. will hasten to supply the columns of the SCHOLASTIC as well as those of the *Ave Maria*.

To the students of more recent years we send this number, not so much as a reminder, but rather as a means of keeping more vividly in their memory those scenes which are still fresh and familiar there.

The parents of students will find the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC particularly interesting. For no matter how the rest of the paper may be, the official reports of the reverend Director of Studies and of the Secretaries of Societies, and the accounts of exhibitions, musical soirées, etc., will be of inter-

est to them as they will there find the names of their children.

We earnestly beg those who wish the SCHOLASTIC to be sent to them during the year, to notify us promptly, by addressing—

Editor NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame University, Indian.

In cases where no such notification is sent we shall be obliged to discontinue the SCHOLASTIC after this number.

Massacre of Sisters of Charity in China.

We wish emphatically to place in this first number of vol. IV. of the SCHOLASTIC, of a paper edited and published in a Catholic college,—a record of the massacre of Christians, and mainly, of those best of Christians, the saintly and courageous women who, in a religious community,—which can be found only in the Catholic Church,—devote themselves to the service of God and their neighbor. The daily papers have given an account of it without comment. Confined to their petty quarrels of party politics they had no time, no wish, to draw the attention of the public to the greatest outrage that has been perpetrated by a barbarous or semi-civilized nation upon citizens of civilized and Christian nations. But the daily papers are not to blame,—the editors of those papers know well what to give their readers—they give what they think—and justly think—their readers will relish; they do not wish—never intend—to lead public opinion; they know well what public opinion is,—they are cute—and they draw attention to things in which they know the public will take an interest. It is, then, the public, you and we, my brethren, who are to blame that only a thrill of indignation rushed over the land and then nothing more said of the subject, instead of the steady outspoken irrepressible demand that Christian nations should take up the cause of Christianity and civilization and see that redress be had for this outrage on our fellow Christians.

Among those that were martyred was Sister Louise, a sister of Captain T. Sullivan of Syracuse, N. Y. We take the following from the *Central N. Y. Catholic*.

REQUIEM MASS FOR THE MARTYRS.—The beautifully solemn impressive celebration of a grand Requiem Mass, took place at St. John's Church, in this city, on Friday morning, for the happy repose of the soul of Alice O. Sullivan, known in religion as "Sister Louise," who fell a victim to the recent Chinese massacre at Tien-Tsin. The church was well filled by the deeply sympathizing friends of Capt. T. Sullivan, of this city brother of the martyred Sister of Charity, and the sombre drapery of the altar, its tapers and surroundings, attested to the impressiveness of the Requiem then being celebrated. The choir rendered the music of the Requiem with feeling and pathos, that sent a thrill of holy sadness to the hearts of the participants in sympathy with the object for which it was being offered in the sight of God and the blessed Redeemer. Father Guerlett was the celebrant, with Father Hayden, the talented and exemplary young assistant of St. Mary's, and Father Lynch, assistant of St. John's, as deacon and sub-deacon relatively. A very impressive feature was also added in the presence of the good, devoted and pious Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent's Asylum, and the orphan girls under their charge, who participated in this last sacred and consoling duty towards the memory of the dead, whom we are bound to pray for. This last feature was the more touching, as the massacre of the Sisters and their little charge at Tien-Tsin gave to this order of religious women, which is yet in its infancy, the first martyrs who have given up their lives for the fold of Christ which they were set over to guide and guard. No more beautifully sublime or touching service than

this Requiem for the dead exists in the Roman Catholic ritual, giving out so much of tenderest sympathy for the dear departed; and it matters not whether the soul took its flight from the body in China or the antipodes, *Requiem in eternum* goes up as sweetly and tenderly from Catholic altars and Catholic hearts here in Syracuse of the new world, mingled with the incense of altar, for the eternal repose of her who now sleeps peacefully in the tender bosom of Christ.

'Tis well for the good Catholic relations and friends of Sister Louise, to have masses of requiem said, but we, sitting here, in a land where our holy religion is free—and with good a right as any 'ism of the land—for Catholics have helped to make this land, and Catholic soldiers have defended it—we are more inclined to say, *Sancta Louisa, martyr Dei, ora pro nobis*.

The Force of Habit.

It is a common saying, and, certainly there is a great deal of truth and good sense in it, that "Habit is a second nature." "Indeed," says Addison, "habit is able to form the man anew, and give him inclinations and capacities, altogether different from those with which he was born." Accordingly we find that no matter how difficult or repugnant the performance of any duty may have been at first; no matter how shameful or degrading any vicious practice or indulgence may be, when one has contracted a habit of either the one or the other, his repugnance is changed into pleasure, or his shame into insensibility, and he goes on in his new course as if it had always been agreeable to him.

To exemplify this truth, no one need go beyond the sphere of his own daily experience; for, in whatever station of life he may be placed, he constantly witnesses the powerful effects of habit on the actions and destiny of those around him.

It is habit which leads the gambler from the honorable pursuits of life and the sweet enjoyments of a once happy home, to the haunts of wickedness and degradation; it is habit which has hurled the unhappy victim of intemperance from a high degree of respectability in the social world, to a level with the lowest of the irrational creation; it is habit which renders the blasphemers of God's holy name, incapable of uttering scarcely a single sentence, without seasoning, or rather poisoning it with an oath, or a curse upon himself or some other creature.

When we see any such persons as we have just referred to, we must not imagine that they became such in a day or in a week; not all. Their progress in these evil practices was gradual. At first there was but a slight indulgence, which afforded but little pleasure, but, by degrees, indulgence became habitual; habit produced or strengthened inclination; inclination soon ripened into passion, and passion hurried its unfortunate victim to that state of wretchedness and ruin in which we have been viewing him.

Now, if bad habits produce such evil effects, good habits are not less fruitful in their beneficial results. A well-established habit of doing all his actions from pure and honorable motives, smoothes the path of duty for the upright man, and renders light and pleasant the labors which he is obliged to undergo in his daily pursuits; it robs envy and misrepresentation of their sharpest sting, and renders life pleasant in spite of its trials.

A serious study of the results of habit in those with whom we come in daily contact, should convince us of the great importance of beginning from our earliest years to cultivate habits of industry and virtue, stifling in its very birth every inclination to evil, that when we afterwards go forth into the world to fight the battle of life, we may be prepared to do it manfully, and in a manner calculated

to win the esteem of all good men, and, above all, secure for ourselves the great object of our existence—a happy life in the future. We may at first experience some difficulty in restraining our natural propensities, which incline us more or less to indolence and evil, but we should be courageous and battle bravely, knowing that these exertions are necessary both to our present and future happiness, and console ourselves with the thought that habit, once formed, will smoothe the path of duty, and sweeten the toils of life, and so fortify us against the influence of our natural inclinations, as to become for us, as the proverb expresses it, “a second nature.”

MR. EDITOR: The foregoing little piece was written some years ago, while the writer yet occupied a place on the benches of the school-room. A more extended experience might perhaps enable him now to speak or write more maturely on this important subject; but the efforts of our younger days, like the memory of departed friends, have a species of fascination for us as we grow older, and this has induced me to present to your readers the above schoolboy “composition,” just as it was written *lang sayne*.

Soiree in the Junior's Study Hall.

On Saturday evening, as we passed by the Juniors' study hall, at a time when usually such profound silence reigns in it that the thrushes and canaries and other singing birds, whose cages hang around the walls, amid pictures and flowers, go to sleep, having nothing else to do, we were surprised to hear the sound of music, followed by loud applause. On presenting ourselves at the door, and pressed by the hospitable prefect to enter, we found our young friend, Vincent Hackmann, melodiously insisting on the obligation, under which all Juniors are, of being jolly, and, enforcing precept by example, he was singing a jolly song and playing jollily on a Chickering grand. To judge from the applause that followed, the Juniors accepted the situation, and seemed determined to fight it out on the jolly line if it took all year.

We were informed that several quartettes and other songs had been sung before we entered, and after sitting for some time we were forced to tear ourselves away before the soiree was ended. While there, however, we saw Prof. Corby with quite a troupe of vocalists and pianists. We recognized Messrs. Arthur and George Riopelle, and Robert Staley, whom we often listened to with pleasure last year, and during the evening, they, with Mr. Hackmann, sang a quartette chorus, Staley singing the solo. Several other pieces were sung, during which the birds did not seem to wake up, but when Mr. Obert began an instrumental piece on the piano, the thrush, a notable bird and a great singer, could stand it no longer, and, waking up, made a commotion in his cage which attracted all eyes to his side of the study hall.

We were obliged to leave before the end of the entertainment, and the regret was softened by the hope of being present hereafter at other soirees of the jolly Juniors.

No one can help approving of the plan carried out in the Juniors' study hall, where flowers and birds and pictures, and sometimes music, change the usually dull appearance of a study hall, into a pleasant home-like apartment.

THEY are bridging the outlet of the lake into St. Joseph river.

THE foundations of the new church are well and solidly laid, and are ready for the brick walls.

WANT of space has prevented us from publishing several articles received from contributors.

Our Absent Friends.

By M. B. B.

Time's restless wheel another turn hath made;—
Another scene in Life is now displayed;
The curtain fell and rose, and lo! what change!
The friends we loved are gone—the world looks strange.

Then, one by one, new actors throng the stage,
Their smiles foretell another golden age
Of friendship, and our hearts with gladness bound,
As Time's unceasing wheel goes round and round.

Knowledge unveils to each, each other's worth,
Be it or great, or be it merit's dearth;
But in the throng that round us daily move,
A few will win our confidence and love.

The rest, to us, are as the countless brood
Of living things—Creation's brotherhood,—
Each has his worth, his place in life's domain,
But, lacking sympathy, unloved remain.

Now, with our chosen few, the year glides by;
We laugh and sing, sometimes, perhaps, we sigh;
Our joys and sorrows find a listening ear,
And friendship's voice restores our clouded cheer.

But, in our joy at new-born friendship's smile,
Do we forget the friends we loved erewhile?
Do we forget the sympathizing eye—
The voice that cheered us in our days gone by?

Do we forget the virtues we admired;
The noble hearts that noble thoughts inspired?
The generous words, so like a seraph's lays—
Can we forget the friends of other days?

O, no! true friendship's memory never dies;
'Tis no chameleon tint that changing flies;
Some forms must ever hold their wonted place
In mind's rich palace, which they sweetly grace.

Though never more those friends our eyes should cheer;
Though their sweet voice no more should bless our ear,
Yet memory e'er will gladness round us cast
When fancy conjures back the cherished past.

Then, absent friends, we greet you far and near;
Sweet thoughts of you enhance our present cheer;
And life shall be no more, ere it be said:
The memory of our absent friends has fled.

The L. S. & M. S. Accommodation Train, from Elkhart to Chicago, Passing Through South South Bend.

Early one morning that best of men who keeps the horses in the stables of Notre Dame, whipped me into the depot in double quick time, to catch the Elkhart accommodation train which passes through the “Bend” about 6 A. M. I have not my R. R. Time Table, to give the minutes, and besides it doesn't make much difference, as this accommodation is really an accommodation, and a few minutes more or less does not make the least difference with the train nor with its most accommodating Conductor.

Why will men—permit me a digression and an impassionate interrogation—why will men in this sensible age insist upon being whirled along at the rate of forty-five, or more, miles an hour, by a diabolical locomotive that rushes along the track like a comet going wild through the starry heavens? “Starry heavens” I remember from my school-boy days. The epithet then seemed to me something new, and it has stuck to me as something congruous or congenial, wherefore, in my old age I make use of it. [The Printer—put a capital P for Printer—may put this in a foot-note or string it right along in the text. I said put a capital P for Printer, for I aver and asseverate that the Printer is a capital man. In the words of an ancient king or philosopher, slightly changed and condensed to suit the circumstances of the case: If I wasn't what I am I would be a Printer; one who sets types and diffuses knowledge to some twenty thousand or more individual individuals throughout the length and

breadth of this vast continent. These last words are not original, but I cannot at the moment put my hand on the original MSS. like those learned Prussian savants, who following in the wake of William's army occupy their precious time (*Vide cable telegrams*), in researching the ancient manuscripts of the cathedrals and monasteries, which have escaped the fire and sword of William's army.] But to return to our sheep—as my favorite French author remarks. Why do men wish to be carried over space at an incredible rate of speed? Is it because of the lofty aspirations of the mind? Is it to be accounted for by—but further suggestions are needless. I am not of the number, of those who wish to be carried at the rate of 60 miles in 60 minutes, and do not care about the solution of the question. I merely asked it for the pious and serious consideration of those who do not like Accommodation Trains; for those who make witty remarks upon trains stopping for the passengers to get out and pick blackberries, or any other small fruit that may be in season and found along the track. I would patronize such trains if they could be found. It would be getting back to the good old times when I was young, when stage coaches were the grand vehicles of travel, and when we thought we were going with tremendous velocity when we made eight or at most ten miles an hour.

Has my digression been too long? Have I made my impassionate interrogations too longitudinal? If so, skip it over and begin here.

We arrived at the depot in plenty time for the train—the Accommodation Train—the train I like for a short trip.

Plenty of time was given to all the passengers to get on the train, and to get seats before it moved forward.

I sat solitary and alone, like ancient Benton going in strong for the Lone Star. By and by the train was set in motion, and we started at the rapid rate of twenty miles an hour for the Mecca of the West, which every faithful Western man swears by, whither every Western man—and most of Eastern—goes on a pilgrimage as many times in his life as possible,—Chicago, the great city of the North West.

So early had I started that I was not only theoretically praying, but I was practically fasting, and not a morsel had passed my lips except the unlighted end of a miserable cigar which Prof. — had thrust into my hand after exhorting me to do penance for my manifold transgressions. I was not, consequently, in the best of humors, and when the amiable, gentlemanly and genial conductor, whose physiognomy glowed with good humor and a fresh wash that he had indulged in before starting that morning, came around in the beautiful twilight of the budding morn, with figurative roses on his lips and honey in his mouth, and melliflously implored the incumbents of the seats to present presently to himself their credentials for occupying four or less seats, by exhibiting to him their tickets, or else to be so kind as to give a certain number of stamps, unless they wished to put him to the disagreeable necessity of making him making them evacuate the car. I had no smile to propitiate his benign countenance; no joke came from my sleepy brain, no welcoming words sprang spontaneously to my closed lips. And he passed me by with silent indignation.

In vain also did the enterprising train boy, with bright eyes and black pencilled eyebrows, pug nose and good natured lips, which, smiling, disclosed a set of teeth that bid fair to do considerable damage at the breakfast table, endeavor with the sweet words of “Chicago paper,” to entice five cents out of my pocket in exchange for the paper of the day before. Napoleon might have remained in prison unknown to me, Paris might have cut down all her bois without my cognisance, ere I, without my

breakfast, would have parted with the effigy of my friend Chase, or any other man, who graces the five cent stamp, for news that I had read, or ought to have read, the evening before.

"Terry Coapy!" broke out on my ear, shouted in the silvery voice of the brakeman, who, with hands in well-worn, gauntleted, buckskin gloves, opened the door, and after giving us the information that we were about to see Terry, slammed the door, and, as we saw through the front window, began a furious and apparently desperate effort to stop the train by screwing around most viciously an upright iron bar with a ring atop. The train subsided by a wood pile, and for fifteen minutes, more or less,—we like to be precise as far as possible—we were allowed the pleasurable relaxation, after a run of 12 miles, of contemplating the beauties of the woodshed and water-tank, which when viewed with a philosophic eye, and with a view to utility and the eternal fitness of things, are soothing to the wounded mind of a man without his breakfast. Such scenes might be warranted to be soothingly exhilarating without being intoxicating, like, it is said, lager beer is.

Old friends, at all times, are good circumstances, but especially on a R. R. trip on the Accommodation Train. New friends, too, are, generally, pleasing accidents of any trip—and it cannot be a matter of surprise to any man that my spirits rose, like gold in war times, when I recognized an Old Friend who came in the car at Terry, and made the acquaintance of a quaint, well-informed, fine talker in the person of a gentleman from South Bend whom I should have known before, but my misfortune had delayed the pleasure until that morning. In discursive converse with Old and New friends, and a lively anticipation of a good breakfast at the celebrated eating house in Laporte, and an occasional word of encouragement from our genial conductor, we jogged along past New Carlisle and Rolling Prairie, and arrived, at convenient breakfast time, in the City of Laporte. Two cups of coffee—not your usual R. R. restaurant coffee with plenty of grounds for complaint—but a prime article, with sugar without sand, and milk that had passed scatheless by the pump from the cows on the broad prairies around Laporte, to the splendid dining room of the eating house. The edibles were worthy of the coffee, and after handing our stamps to a polite gentleman, we returned to our Accommodation train, which had patiently waited and given us plenty of time to discuss our matinal repast with all the *otium cum dig.* of a portly citizen sipping his mocha over the morning paper.

It is a remarkable fact that the history of a country is interesting only in the troublous times of war, and the historian must have the clangor of arms and the booming of cannons, and the whistling of bullets from chassepots and needle guns, and a few rounds from that terrible instrument with no less terrible name, yecept the mitrailleuse. So, too, in the life of man, or woman, it is the time of adversity that furnishes the author material for long pages, and when all goes merry as the marriage bell, he suddenly cuts, per force, his book short, and winds up with a few lines intimating that "they lived happily afterwards."

So also with a trip on the Accommodation Train on the L. S. & M. S. R. R. No sooner had the cheerful voices of friends beguiled us from concentrating our thoughts on the fact that we had not breakfasted, and "the man who knows how to keep hotel" had given us a comfortable breakfast, than we were removed from the din of war, from the adversity state, into the best humored condition that any human being in this sublunary sphere can enjoy with perfect impunity and total disregard of the trivial and transitory events of a railroad trip. Need I continue and be excruciatingly explicit, and say that our party chatted, (and some smoked), in

harmonious oblivion of the time—full two hours and a half—that it was taking us to creep over sixty odd miles? I wish not to be prolix, and I decline.

Suffice it to say—I have heard that phrase made use of before, and it comes in handy—suffice it to say, I repeat, that we spent our time very pleasantly, indeed, as we chatted, now in good humor, as before intimated, on the various subjects of interest proposed by the daily papers, and I doubt not that Napoleon and William would have been induced to change their programme, had they heard the profoundly deep remarks that were made on European politics. It is a pity they were not there. But they are the losers.

We noted, however, the nervous anxiety of the man who was going to get off at the New Albany crossing. He evidently was under the delusion that he was on a fast train, and that he would be allowed only the infinitesimal fraction of half a minute to make a graceful exit from the car, and light on his feet, back, or carpet sack, as the case might turn up, on the wooden platform—the great platform of the inhabitants of that favored region of the crossings. From Laporte he kept an eye on his carpet sack. At Holmesville where we tarried in graceful repose for the arrival of a freight train, he gently folded the carpet sack in his arms, and seemed ready for any emergency, and when the train arrived at the crossing, and silvery-voiced and gauntlet-handed brakeman emphatically and dulciferously announced the *fait accompli* of our arrival, that man made a plunge for the door and popped as dextrously as a grasshopper on the platform. Twenty minutes, or so, afterwards, we saw him seated near the ticket office, a hundred yards ahead, with his carpet sack and ticket for Lafayette in his hand waiting for the train from Michigan City, which has, no doubt, arrived by this time.

Without much delay we arrived at Calumet, *alias* Coffee Creek, and now called Chesterton. Ah me, my friends, life is short, comparatively shorter than a trip on an Accommodation Train! This lugubrious exclamation was pumped from me by mentioning Chesterton. For some years back, it, with the surrounding country was the field upon which a young and devoted priest labored until his death,—Father Flynn, an old student of Notre Dame, well remembered by those students who knew him here in the college. After he was ordained priest he was appointed to take care of this new and—I must say it—unwholesome place. Many sick calls kept him constantly going—a cough took him. He could not get rid of it and it soon took him to the grave. I saw him several times last vacation: he was perfectly resigned to die, though he was yet so young. May you, dear reader, and I be as well prepared for death when our hour comes, as he was.

We trot along about a mile from Chesterton, and arriving at the M. C. crossing, we come to a full stop, and then talk along until we come to Miller's Station. There we meet the outgoing train from Chicago, with the morning papers, and the enterprising black-eyed newsboy secures them for us. Our pleasant party is broken up, and each one travels the next thirty miles deeply engrossed in his paper, regardless of the beautiful scene from the lake, along the shore of which we go for miles with a view of the broad expanse of waters dotted here and there with the white sails of schooners bound for Michigan City; we pay no attention to the stations of Pine, Whiting, Ainsworth, Englewood, until the train slackens somewhat its speed and we are in the great city of Chicago, brimful of news, and ready to take our share in general conversation with anybody we meet, as with satchel in hand we make our way to Burke's European hotel, where we find the best accommodation the city can afford, and the handsomest, most courteous, and most enterprising young landlord in our friend Burke, who receives us hospitably, and with whom we now ad-

journal, until our trip back on our favorite Accommodation Train.

St. Aloysius' Philodemic Association.

FIRST REGULAR SESSION.

Through the beneficent favor of an indulgent Providence another scholastic year has rolled around, and finds us again assiduously pursuing our literary studies. And though, in so doing, we express our unqualified approval of the past, still we are not without solicitude for the future—nay, we are anxious for it; we are solicitous that the expectation of our friends may not be disappointed.

With the beginning of the scholastic year, the student again seeks his books. Two months' duration has refreshed his intellectual and physical powers for the coming struggle of ten more. He begins with the *intention* of acquiring as much as the limited time will allow. He seeks, he labors for knowledge, and, among the many modes for acquiring it, the "St. Aloysius' Literary Association" throws open its door and invites him to enter. And this being an appropriate occasion we will, with the reader's permission, suggest a few remarks to students who have not as yet profited by the facilities which Societies of this nature constantly presents to them.

In a Society of this kind, the student finds counsel without reproach; and, if energetic, praise without flattery. He has here an opportunity of improving in the various literary pursuits. For want of knowing his own strength, he gropes in darkness. How is he to ascertain the solidity of his many years' study? by "bringing out" those powers which he thinks are in his possession. The literary Societies, then, are among the most notable methods for conveying those hidden accomplishments and literary propensities into an active field. The student should never think of folding in a napkin the talent God may have given him—his success in the world requires it otherwise. He must cultivate it. . . . When he debates on subjects which he has pondered over during many hours of constant study, his mind begins to discern more vividly, and the very contention of debate increases the clearness and strength of his thoughts, his words flow more fluently, and he will soon become a good extempore speaker.

With this short introductory, we will give the readers of the SCHOLASTIC a very brief account of the first regular meeting of the St. Aloysius' Society, held on the evening of Tuesday, Sept. 13th. On this evening a meeting was held for the purpose of reorganization, and for the election of officers for the first session.

On motion, Mr. J. K. Finley was installed as temporary chairman.

On reading the roll of the second session of the last scholastic year, nine members answered to names.

An election of officers for the first session then took place, resulting as follows:

Director—VERY REV. W. CORBY, S. S. C.

President—PROF. M. A. J. BAASEN, A. M.

Vice-President—JAMES K. FINLEY.

Recording Secretary—JOHN M. GEARY.

Corresponding Secretary—MARCUS J. MORIARTY.

Treasurer—JOHN A. ZAHM.

First Librarian—THOMAS H. JOHNSON.

Second Librarian—DANIEL B. HIBBARD.

First Censor—JOHN J. MULQUINN.

Second Censor—E. B. GAMBEE.

At this meeting Messrs. Mulquinn, Murphy, McLoughlin, Watts, Shephard, and McGinnity were elected members of the Association.

The best features of the meeting were its earnest, business-like method of preparing for the coming year, and the promptness, decisiveness, and un-

animity with which the declaration of principles were endorsed, gave encouraging indications of a prosperous future. No fears were entertained of dissolution or "petty squabbles"—no such demonstrations has ever transpired in the St. Aloysius' Society.

Among the members there is an unmistakable *solidarité*, which is truly encouraging, and will, undoubtedly, be the means of adding much to the general success and honor of the Society.

MARCUS J. MORIARTY,
Corresponding Secretary.

Thespian Association.

A regular meeting of the above-named Association for reorganization and election of officers for the first session of the scholastic year, 1870, was held September 11th, resulting as follows:

Director—REV. A. LEMONNIER, S. S. C.
Instructor—Prof. M. T. COREY, A. M.
President—J. R. BOYD.
Vice-President—JUDSON A. FOX.
Secretary—JAMES K. FINLEY.
Treasurer—THOMAS A. DILLON.
First Stage Manager—MARCUS J. MORIARTY.
Second Stage Manager—DANIEL B. HIBBARD.
Costumers—J. R. BOYD, J. A. FOX.
Property-Men—D. B. HIBBARD, T. A. DILLON.
First Censor—FREDRICK KAISER.
Second Censor—WILLIAM B. ROBERTS.

During the last few years the Society has exhibited considerable talent in their rendering of "plays," and have been the means of adding much to the success and pleasure of the numerous exhibitions that have taken place at Notre Dame.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that students derive great benefit by being members of the Association. The feverish strength; the singular blending of good and evil; and the moral unity of thoughts suggested while studying and rendering the dramatic productions, are congenial with taste, and arouse in the student a desire to imitate. Accordingly, the nearer the representation of virtue approaches reality, the greater will be its tendency to instruct.

Happy shall we be to see them do justice (which we are assured will be the case) to their audience, to the authors of the dramatic productions, and themselves. And with the hope that the same unity of interest will still, as heretofore, make itself manifest among them; the same singleness of purpose will give solidity to their endeavors, we wish them the realization of their hopes, viz.—*to instruct themselves, and please their audience.*

MARCUS J. MORIARTY,
Secretary pro tem.

St. Cecilia Philomathean.

This Society, one of the oldest and best at Notre Dame, is, at the same time a Debating, Dramatic and Musical Association. Its exercises include Public Reading, Declamations, Essays, and a Moot Court. It has a good library, and numbered, last year, forty members—the *élite* of the Junior Collegiate Department. The plays acted upon the stage for the purpose of bringing out the electionary powers of its members, are written especially for them, and are intended to increase the love of virtue and righteousness. These highly moral plays will soon be published by the St. Cecilia Society.

GENERAL OFFICERS.

Director—Rev. A. Lemonnier, S. S. C.
President—Prof. J. A. Lyons, A. M.
President of the Dramatic Branch—Prof. C. A. B. Von Weller.
Judge of the Moot Court—Prof. P. Foote, A. M.
The first regular meeting of this Association,

took place Tuesday evening, Sept. 11th., on which occasion the following officers were elected by ballot, thirty of the old members being present.

Vice-President—M. Mahony.
Vice-President Dramatic Branch—C. Burdell.
Vice-President Philo-Historic Branch—J. Nash.
Vice President Orphonic Branch—
Secretary—Scott Ashton.
Corresponding Secretary—Daniel Egan.
Treasurer—C. Hutchings.
Monitor—D. Hogan.
Assistant Monitor—Samuel Dum.
Librarian—J. McGuire.
Assistant—Leo McOsker.
Directors of Entertainment—L. Roth, B. Roberts, J. Antioiae, and J. Ward.
Censor—C. Dodge.
Sergeant-at-arms—D. Brown.
Marshal—T. Foley.

The President, after appointing the readers for the following week, and making a few remarks upon how they should commence this Scholastic year, paid a well-deserved tribute to the Philomatheans of past years, mentioning in particular, John O'Connell, J. A. O'Reilly, Joseph Healy, Fred Kaiser, Daniel B. Hibbard, D. J. Cook, T. Ewing, L. Marks, Cassius Brelsford, John Carlin, Maurice Williams, James Ryan, D. J. Wile, John Flanigan, Stephen Kind, William Freeman, Joseph Mukautz, Mark M. Foote, James Keedy and George Myers.

D. Egan,
Cor. Sec'y.

The St. Cecilia Philomathean Association presented to Prof. P. J. Foote, A. M., of the Law Department, a splendid, gold St. Cecilian Philomathean badge, as a testimonial of their esteem and affection for him.

Notices of Books.

WILSON'S PROGRESSIVE SPELLER. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co., 182 Baltimore street.

This is an excellent speller. It is grounded upon the plan of Webster's old spelling-book, but is much more complete, and the lessons more judiciously graded. The first fourteen pages are taken up with lessons upon the elementary principles, and the student is greatly assisted in memorizing and comprehending them by the introduction of the catechetical system of question and answer. The lesson on the classification of elementary sounds is complete; but we dare not hope any better fate for this part of orthography in Mr. Wilson's book than has been its lot in other good spellers. Unless the teacher be thoroughly trained himself, he will hurry the students through the book, without at all dwelling on the importance of vocal exercises in these elementary sounds. It is from this defective method of teaching young children that such faulty pronunciation is prevalent even among well-informed men and women. The defects in pronouncing words, contracted in childhood, cling to the grown-up man and—alas! that we must say it—woman. Nothing grates so much upon the ear as a false sound from what should be a perfect instrument. The few rules for spelling, at the end of the book, by no means cover the grounds. For instance, no rule is given to guide the speller in the management of those two letters so troublesome and vexatious when they come together, viz.: *i* and *e*. No combination of two letters gives so much trouble as these two; many a moment has been lost in determining whether to write *ie* or *ei*, and many a mistake has been made.

A TREATISE ON THE GRAMMAR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE; containing a complete system of Analysis and Parsing, progressively arranged. By T. R. Vickroy, A. M., President of Lebanon College. St. Louis: Hendricks & Chittenden.

We have not had time to examine this grammar

thoroughly. Glancing over it, we see that the publisher has printed it in a very attractive form; the use of various kinds of type, especially the full-faced type, in which the principal word of a sentence is printed, breaks the monotony of the desert pages of the same type, which strike terror into the mind of the student, or fill it with despair. We also perceive some innovation—which may be steps in the right direction—in the first part of the grammar. The 61st chapter is of great importance to the student. Such an addition to a school grammar cannot be too highly commended. It is a chart, on which the student sees his way mapped out, and by which he perceives a wider horizon beyond the mere memorizing of rules and the mechanical method of parsing. This chapter shows him the relation of grammar to other branches of linguistic science, and by presenting to him, in one view, the branch he is studying, with the branches beyond, and which can be reached and understood only by a knowledge of grammar, he is enabled to avoid two rocks, upon one or the other of which too many students strike: he overcomes that disgust which the faulty method of teaching has raised in his mind against the study of grammar, or he is urged on to prosecute the study of grammar with greater diligence, by the prospect of soon learning something more interesting, and, as he might say, not so "dry."

The appendix on the sounds of the English language is very good.

HARVEY'S ELEMENTARY GRAMMAR. Harvey's Practical Grammar of the English Language, for the use of schools of every grade. Cincinnati: Wilson, Hinkle & Co.

The publishers of these grammars have made a good use of various kinds of type, and presented an agreeable looking book to students of grammar. We must notice this series of grammars, as well as the previously noticed grammar, after a more thorough examination and a comparison of the two.

C. SALLUSTII CRISPI CATILINA ET JUGURTHA. With Explanatory Notes, Lexicon, etc. By George Stuart, A. M., Professor of the Latin Language in the Central High School of Philadelphia.

The editor of this edition of Sallust has taken great pains with the text, which he has conformed to the text of those modern German scholars who have had peculiar advantages in obtaining old manuscript copies of the works of this historian. The publisher has done just ce to the editor and to the historian, by getting up the book in a creditable style. The lexicon contains not only all the words of the text, but also all the forms, the derivation of which might not be apparent to the student. The notes are copious, the only objection to them, as to all Latin class-books prepared in this manner, is that they leave little or nothing for the student, and still less for the teacher. But in these days when everything is fast, it is not to be wondered at that young men wish to get at the kernel without the trouble of cracking the nut. The editor gives a brief Life of Sallust on the first pages of the book, with a critique on his works.

We have not time nor space to notice this week several other class-books we have received. Postponing notice to a future number of the SCHOLASTIC, we merely mention the titles and publishers:

MARTINDAL'S SERIES OF SPELLERS. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co.

WHITE'S GRADED SCHOOL SERIES OF ARITHMETIC, Cincinnati: Wilson, Hinkle & Co.

STODDARD'S SERIES OF ARITHMETIC. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Books for notice or review should be addressed to
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